[illegible]

[illegible]

The Indian's motivation in connection with work for whites was [illegible] when, in early autumn, the Upper Lake Indians decided to spend a couple of weeks at the Highway Crossing before going upriver. They planned to earn money cutting timber for a white man's sawmill. The men set out from Lower Post full of enthusiasm. They calculated the number of trees that could be cut in an hour and estimated their daily earnings hopefully. For two days most of the men worked about four hours a day. On the third day, it became windy and no one worked, [illegible] On that day [illegible] decided to return to Lower Post. They had become involved in a quarrel with Upper Lake Indians and felt themselves unwanted in the community. [illegible] cut some more logs, for which they were promised free lumber to use for construction in their winter settlement. This finished the woodcutting and now everyone began to talk of going home to hunt before the snows started to [illegible]

When people work for themselves, the chief motivations may be classified as securing food to eat, securing fur which can be traded for food, maintaining cultural expectations of comfort and cleanliness, and, finally, providing necessary equipment, such as snowshoes or toboggans. Another motivation arises from the pride which most people experience in their achievements. Despite these motivations, only slightly more effort is invested in socially patterned tasks than in activities undertaken for whites. Although it is recognized that certain tasks can be completed within a specific period of time (a hide can be cleaned in two days, a toboggan can be finished in three days, twenty traps can be set in one day), meeting a time limit is not a strong incentive and rarely are such standards met in practice. Few men trap as much of an area as they are capable of covering. Success in hunting and trapping, although requiring some knowledge of animal habits and considerable skill in tracking, is primarily founded on perseverance. This fact is appreciated by the Indians, but success is also ascribed to luck. Some men are very "lucky for skins" or game, others are not. Persistence and determination are also undermined by the attitude that one should not be too anxious for fur. "If you wish something too much, then game don't want to get into your trap." Procrastination is habitual. Despite the insistence of [illegible] and others that [illegible] escaped. She [illegible] to buy my [illegible] don't want [illegible] back to her. [illegible] because my [illegible] for two [illegible] 159

[illegible] get into any [illegible] We stayed [illegible] Lake [illegible] the Pickard [illegible] called a [illegible] have good [illegible] going to [illegible] Willy, [illegible]

[illegible] to Fort [illegible] to come [illegible] on the east [illegible] much like 159 [illegible] on a time 136 [illegible] Macken- [illegible] at night. I [illegible] with her that [illegible] time her [illegible] and I said [illegible] He wanted [illegible]

[illegible] I worked 159 [illegible] ming, and 144 [illegible] Old Ander- 164 [illegible] Can I carry [illegible] were you [illegible] me not to [illegible] I trapped [illegible]

[illegible] Hudson's [illegible] summer.

159
554 Any strangers coming from Telegraph Creek knew me as a good river man and they'd hire me to take them down to Lower Post.

159
437 A few years later I went back to Fort Liard to sell some skins. Before I went I bought a little outfit. Oscar helped me. He gave me good advice. "Don't trade for credit," he said, "They cheat you every time. If the storeman doesn't use the cash make him use it. Tell him we're going to report him if he doesn't use it." At that time the storeman in Fort Liard never used money. He just wrote and said: "You've got so much." Old Anderson warned me: "If he does that, you can ask for cash." I took about twenty skins to Fort Liard. Old Ross came too. He had about thirty beaver. I sold my fur and the storeman started to write it down. "You've got one hundred dollars in skins," he said. "What do you mean?" I asked. "You'd better give me cash." "This is just as good as cash," the storeman replied. "We want our money," I told him. When he went to the till he said: "I have only two hundred dollars here." I told him: "You're not going to use that for yourself, that's for the Indians." The Fort Liard Indians looked at us. He gave us all that money but said: "You'll spoil the Fort Liard Indians." "Should be all over the country like that," I told him.

159
787 In Telegraph Creek I had met Palgrave, the Protestant churchman, who baptized me. When I got to Fort Liard I met Father Girouard. He warned me not to believe what the Protestant missionaries said about the Catholics and said the Protestants were wrong in what they preached. He asked me if I wanted to be baptized and I agreed. Later I told Palgrave that Father Girouard had baptized me. He became angry and said I had already been baptized a Protestant.

159
481 One time I ran eighty miles across the portage from Telegraph Creek to Dease Lake. I started at seven o'clock in the morning and got there about half-past seven at night, only stopped for a little lunch. Gosh, when I got there, how my feet swelled up!

159
836 Four years after I started to work on the river, in 1914, I married Nelly. Her mother was a Nelson Indian and part Cree. Her father used to be in this country but went to Fort Nelson to work on a boat. Her parents had moved back to Lower Post about two or three years before. We were engaged for two years and when I wasn't in Telegraph Creek or working on the river I slept with her. In the winter I trapped with Nelly's father thirty miles down the Liard, near the Muddy River. My brother said: "You stay here too long just playing. You better marry her." Then we stayed together in front of everybody. She was a good wife and a good worker. In 1915 we had our first kid, a boy.

159 When I was first married and had only one child, I was like all young fellows. I didn't try to rustle but lay around most of the time. I hunted all right but gave all the meat away. My brother warned: "You're going to wake up yet." My wife then gave birth to a girl. I asked my brother for a hundred dollars to buy an outfit. He said: "You won't get it." He let me have fifty dollars to buy some stuff. We didn't carry much grub, a hundred pounds of flour was enough for me. I bought a case of milk and other stuff. That kid liked to eat all the time. My brother said: "You'd better rush." One time I made seventy lynx. That was during the first war and prices were way down. I got about four dollars for a lynx and two dollars for a good black marten. Nelly gave birth to three children. We were trapping near Teslin Lake when she died of flu in 1919.

My mother-in-law took care of the children and sometimes I lived there too. I used to